Be With You Scans

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Left Hand

By Clamp

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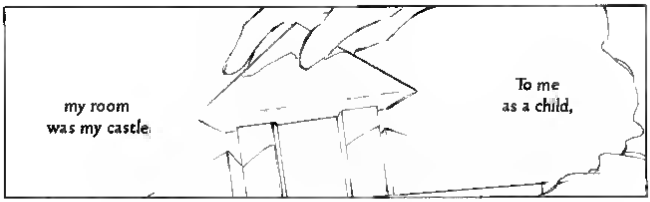
[Notes]

Left Hand

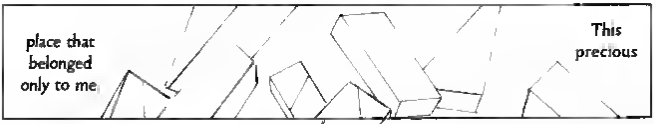
CLAMP
STORY/NANASE OHKAWA
COMIC/MOKONA APAPA

Even now,
every time
I see the
colour white,
I always
remember…

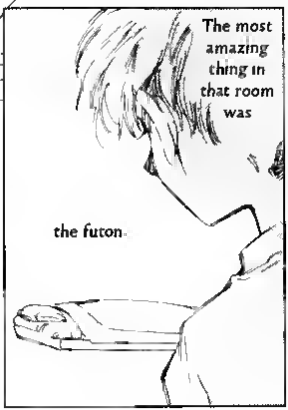


As soon as I stepped into my room, I felt as though I would be protected.

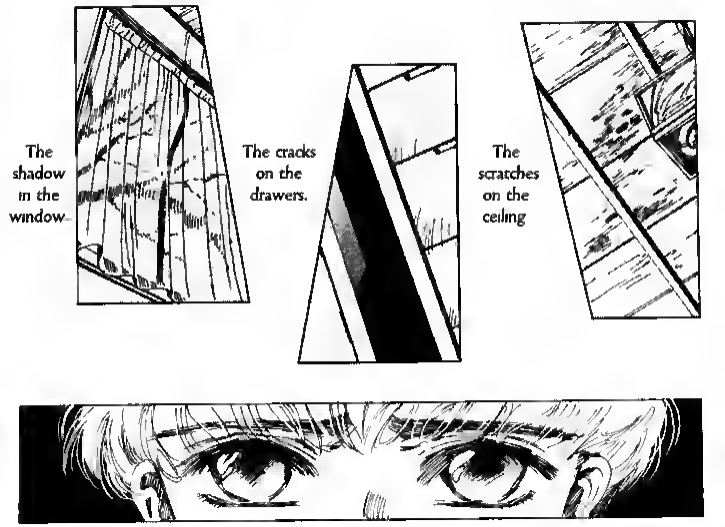
It didn't matter what scary things I encountered, it didn't matter how I was scolded by my parents.



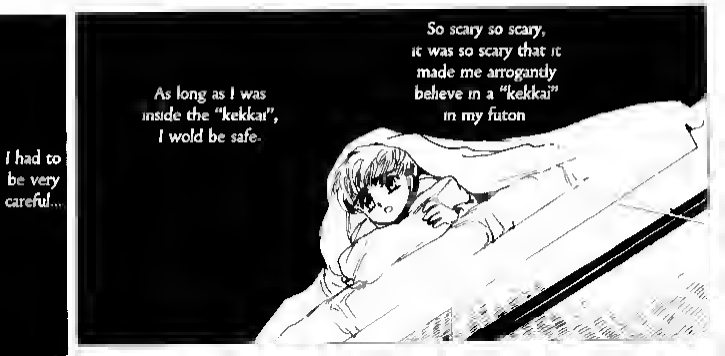
The warm futon, the futon that shined.



There was a very concrete feeling of safety
When I was in the futon, anything evil would be kept outside
I would feel like I had broken the "kekkai".
If I left the futon, even a little,
In the dark room, when the lights were off,
when it was dark, the room that was still protecting me suddenly became a very scary world.
I was always trying so hard to be careful, not to let any part of my body stick out between the futon and the duvet.


The shadow in the window
The cracks on the drawers.
The scratches on the ceiling

SO SCARY.


I had to be very careful...
As long as I was inside the "kekkai", I wold be safe.
So scary so scary, it was so scary that it made me arrogantly believe in a "kekkai" in my futon

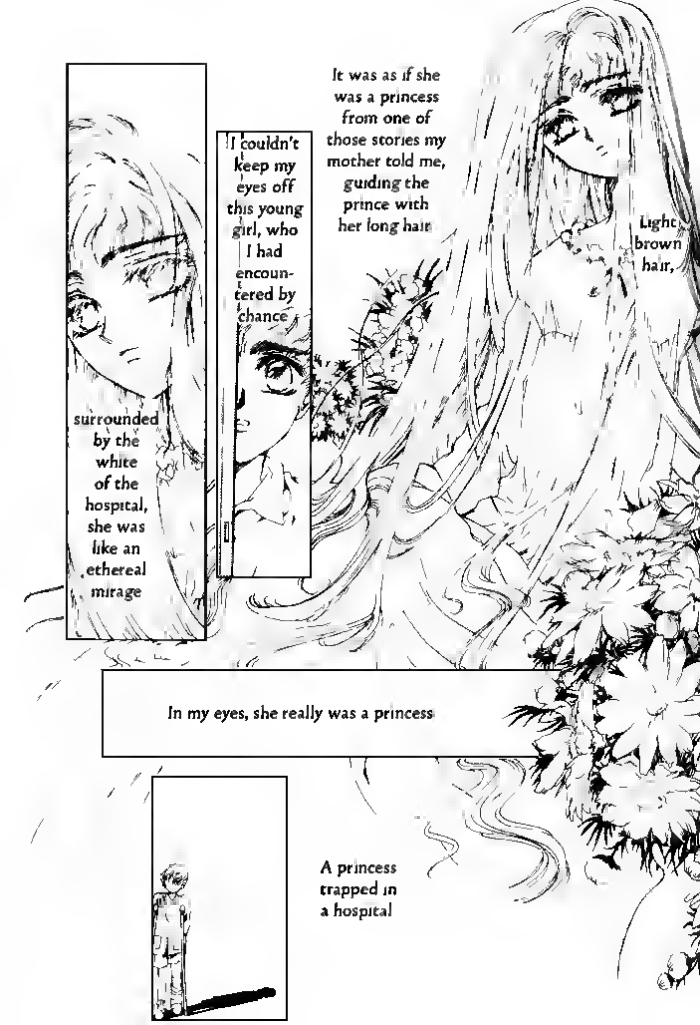
If my head was out
of this "kekkai",
it would definitely
be chopped off.

If my foot got out
of the "kekkai",
SOMETHING
would cut it off.

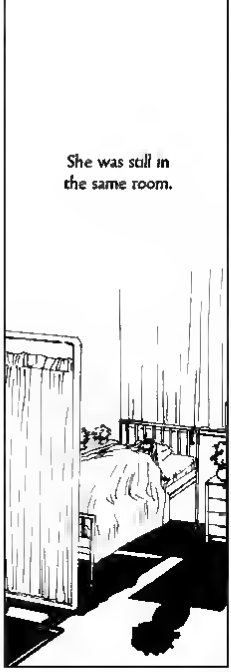
It was
SO SCARY!

When I was eight,
because I had fallen down from a tree and broken a bone in my lower calf,
the doctor requested that before my situation got better, I should stay at the hospital for rehabilitation
Although I didn't really understand the complicated explaination, I felt that to let me stay at the hospital for a long period of time at such a young age was very unreasonable.
I avoided my mother's and the nurses' glare. Using these crutches, I had my own adventures inside the hospital.
Every room had the same kind of bedding
Wherever I went, it was filled with white walls.

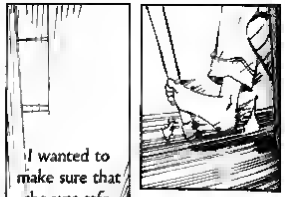
One of them, was HER room


It was as if she was a princess from one of those stories my mother told me, guiding the prince with her long hair
Light brown hair,
I couldn't keep my eyes off this young girl, who I had encountered by chance
surrounded by the white of the hospital, she was like an ethereal mirage
In my eyes, she really was a princess
A princess trapped in a hospital

One night, I had a dream.
Even so, I was satisfied.
I never spoke to her, I only looked at her from a distance.
Arrogantly, I started to imagine that I was a prince, destined to help the princess out of the hospital.
I watched her every day.
From then on,
A dream of that young girl being chased by SOMETHING.
Although I didn't know what that SOMETHING was, I felt very very afraid, completely terrified to my core, and then, I woke up from the dream.



I even took a shortcut, running through the long long hallway that I would normally never dare to step in.



I wanted to make sure that she was safe

The hospital at night heightened my fear

I don't know when I ran out of the room

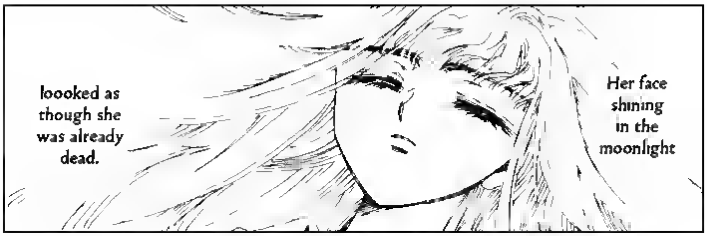
The moonlight shining through the window accentuated the facets of the bed sheets.

Right at that moment,

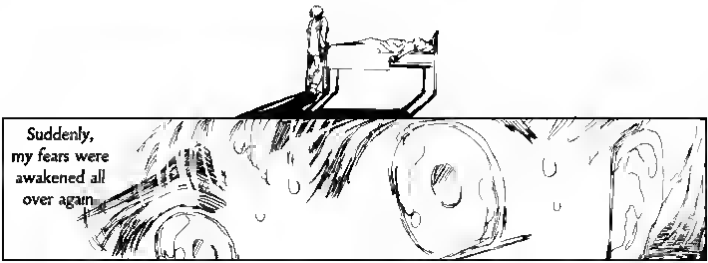
If it sticks out,
SOMETHING
will cut it off.
Don't
stick your
hand out!
her left hand
was sticking
out of her
blanket.
I almost
screamed.
The bed
is the
"kekkai".
So you musn't let
any part of your
body stick out

but I didn't.

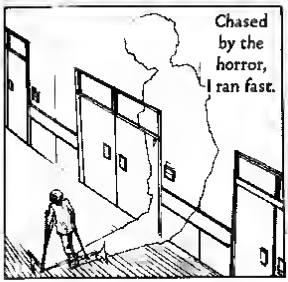
I wanted to put her hand back inside the "kekkai",


loooked as though she was already dead.
Her face shining in the moonlight

Her face was as pale as all the whiteness of the hospital.

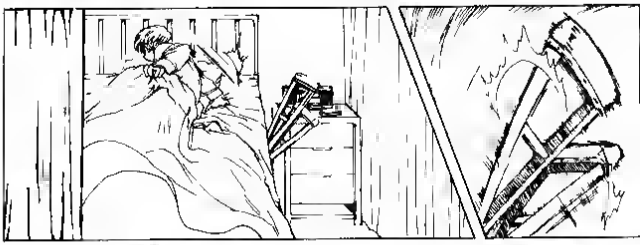

Suddenly, my fears were awakened all over again.

SO SCARY

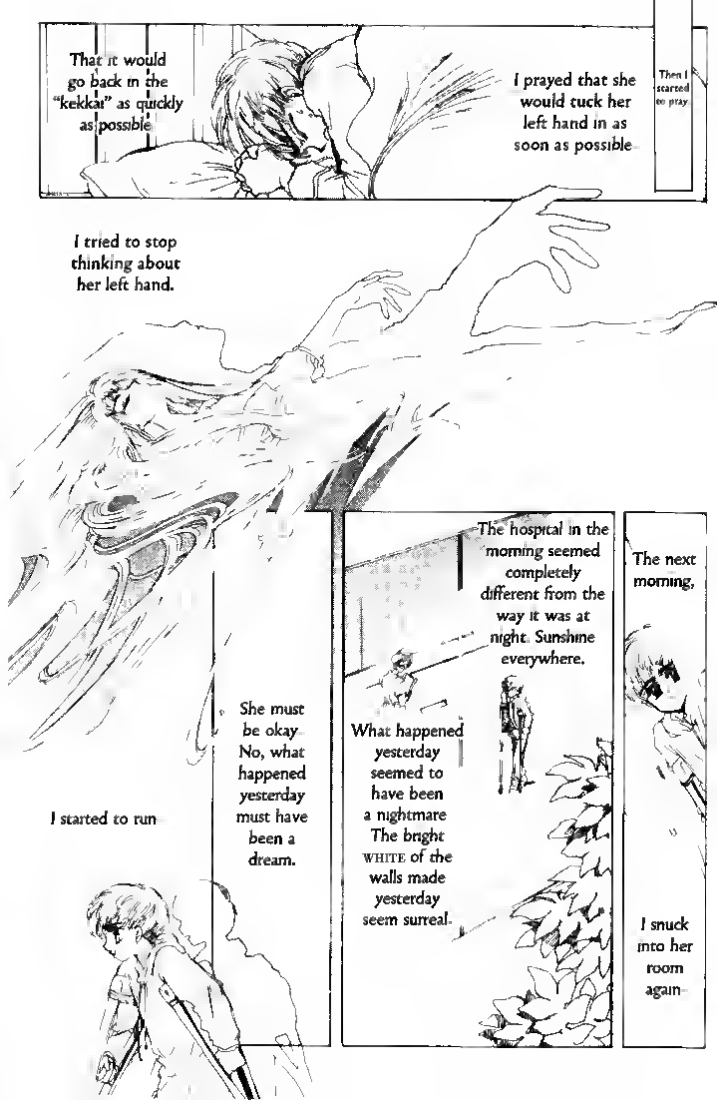

Chased by the horror, I ran fast.

I started to run,

following the long long hallway, I ran even faster than I did on my way there



Even once I had gotten into bed, I couldn't stop shivering.


That it would go back in the "kekkai" as quickly as possible
I prayed that she would tuck her left hand in as soon as possible
Then I started to pray
I tried to stop thinking about her left hand.
I started to run
She must be okay. No, what happened yesterday must have been a dream.
What happened yesterday seemed to have been a nightmare. The bright WHITE of the walls made yesterday seem surreal.
The hospital in the morning seemed completely different from the way it was at night. Sunshine everywhere.
The next morning,
I snuck into her room again

Then, I looked at her left hand
there was no HAND
But on her left wrist,
Because I didn't have the courage, because I couldn't put her hand back in the "kekkai", so she lost her left hand
I started to cry and couldn't stop

Even now,
every time
I see the
colour white,
I always
remember
her missing
LEFT HAND.